

Good Morning

302

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

WENT TO MARKET —ALL VANISHED

30 MAR. 1944

DOREEN SAYS IT WITH MUSIC, P.O. BERTRAM DAVIES

THE last postcard that you sent your bride of three weeks, Petty Officer Bertram Davies, arrived at the same time that "Good Morning's" reporter and photographer did—and so we were able to see the smile that it brought to her face!

Doreen has had a bout of illness but she's out and about and is her cheerful, smiling self again.

One of the first things that Doreen did when she was able to go out was to travel to Wakefield and buy a copy of your favourite song, "Kiss Me." She's now doing her best to play this on her piano, so that she'll be able to serenade you when you next come home on leave.

After leaving Doreen's place at Carr-lane, we went across to your home at Manor View, Glass Houghton, Yorks. There we found Mum busy getting tea ready for Dad, and your cousin, Violet Langslow, who was spending her leave with your folk.

Violet is still nursing at Leeds Infirmary—you must have a weakness for nurses, Bert, because Doreen is looking forward to getting back to her job at Pontefract County Hospital.

And here's another bit of news for you. Just after you left home to go back to base, your brother Dennis turned up on leave.

He had just returned from Canadian convoy work, and he brought some swell bars of chocolate home with him. We know!—because Ma, with her usual Yorkshire generosity, handed us one each when we left.

Your family is certainly doing its bit to help the war effort, Bert. What with you and Dennis in the Navy, your wife and your cousin working, Ma on munitions, and Pa busy making planes for the Fleet Air Arm, it's a pretty good record!

Violet sends you this message: "Wish Bert all the very best from me, and give him my love."

Most disappointed person was your little sister-in-law. She had hoped to be in when we called so that you could see a picture of her—but she was out queueing for oranges, and we had gone before she returned!!

All at home send their best wishes, Bert; and Doreen says, "All my fondest love, dear."



I GET AROUND Ron Richards' COLUMN

AT the Stamford land, Canada, the United States, Bridge Inn, Tar-U.S.S.R., Iceland, and Britain. I found what is probably the finest collection of military cap badges, buttons and epaulettes in the country. Pretty, dark-haired Rachel



A RESPECTED citizen and tax consultant in Unionville, New Jersey, is Robert Elliott Burns, author of "I Escaped From a Georgia Chain Gang."

People in Unionville call him "Bob" when they meet him. But 600 miles south, in Georgia, Burns is just an escaped convict wanted by police and wardens.

Twenty-one years ago he was sentenced to from six to ten years in Georgia's chain gang for a hold-up in which he took five dollars from a grocery in Atlanta. He served six years and escaped twice, but Georgia has not forgiven him.

Three times they have tried to extradite him from New Jersey, but no Governor will allow it. Georgia is still trying.

Burns is a small man with prematurely rounded shoulders. He walks with a peculiar motion, his legs placed wide apart, as if to allow for shackles

OF the gang life, Burns wrote:—

"There man has no soul or entity. He is beaten until they break his body, and then break his mind. Chain gangs were devised after the Civil War to break men. They do—90 per cent. of them.

"Convicts in a chain gang have leather pads put around their ankles and then these shackles are placed over them. The shackles are anchored to the man's knees to take some of the weight off the anklebone. The leather pad is supposed to stop chafing, but it doesn't. The pad wears through, and then the iron

chafes on your flesh. "Unless you learn to walk with the shackles you get

THE English Channel has seen some strange voyages made in rubber boats by "ditched" airmen during the present war, and many have come to learn the remarkable way in which the wind, tide and currents can take a man with nothing but paddles first towards one coast and then towards the other.

Perhaps the most unexpected and remarkable voyage across the Channel was made some two centuries ago, a voyage still remembered in the little Cornish village of St. Keverne.

One bright winter's day, a number of men and women from St. Keverne had been marketing in Falmouth, only a few miles away. Their shopping done, they prepared to return home and a fisherman, John Sands, offered to speed their way by taking them round the coast to avoid a rough journey over country which was then virtually without roads.

It was only a matter of seven miles, a distance that would be covered in the sailing vessel in an hour or so.

One of those sudden changes in the weather, known so well on this coast, occurred.

Before they were clear of the river mouth, the wind was blowing strongly. Sands did not like the look of it at all and told his passengers he would put them ashore at another village where at least they would be safe for the night.

But the sea rose with surprising rapidity. They could see the foam round the Manacles, and very soon water began to come aboard. Sands ordered the men and women to start baling out while he made frantic efforts to turn the little boat back into the shelter of the Fal estuary.

BLOTTED OUT.

The heavy clouds brought darkness early, and the rain resulted in it falling like a pall, completely shutting out everything.

Although they were only a mile or two from the shore, they could not even see the lights in the houses, which might have given them some direction. The open boat was not, of course, equipped with a compass.

Afterwards, the passengers said they had never known it was possible for a night to be so black. Although they were

shackle sores. It takes three weeks for a man to learn to walk that way.

But it's not the chains that break a man. It's the degradation of being beaten senseless by brutal guards. It's the cruelty of being locked up for days in a sweatbox in the sun until your legs swell to twice their size. It's the flogging, dousing, caging and battering that you get.

"That breaks a man's soul until he will permit any indignity to himself so long as he isn't strapped and boxed up again."

CHARGED with "being drunk while in charge of a llama," Charles Chadwell was at Lambeth fined 2s. 6d. He pleaded guilty.

Constable Stephen explained that the defendant was leading the llama through the street as an advertisement for a film.

The Magistrate: The charge is "being drunk in charge of a llama." I have never heard of such a charge before. I will deal with it as an ordinary charge of drunkenness.

Did the llama blow the gaff?

NOW that Mr. Churchill has publicly acknowledged his debt to "this admirable M & B," the

Alex Dilke reports strange channel story

standing or kneeling side by side as they baled, they could not see each other, and the wind was such that they had to shout to speak to their next-door neighbour.

The sea did not go down, and they had to continue their baling without respite to prevent the boat from filling.

Eagerly they waited for the first signs of dawn. It came, grey and threatening at last, after some sixteen hours' exhausting work. And then the men and women lost hope, for as they scanned the faint horizon, they could see not the slightest break in it.

Wherever they were, they had been blown far from the sheltered waters of the Fal. Meanwhile, the sea was still running high, threatening disaster to the boat if Sands, the only man with sailing experience, relaxed his attention for a minute. Somehow, with his passengers still baling, he kept the small boat afloat.

Although they had been marketing, it was not food they had been buying, for this was mostly produced locally. Fortunately, one of the men had bought a bottle of brandy, and another had some loaves of bread.

Like their clothes and everything else in the boat, the bread was soaked in sea water, but it was better than nothing. The brandy brought warmth, but there was not a drop of water.

These tiny fishing craft then, as now, had no water tanks, but simply carried a bottle of water. They caught what rain they could, but when the second night fell, few of them expected to survive to dawn.

BARE HORIZON.

On the third day, the storm moderated, but the sea was still high, too high to do anything but run before it.

All day they scanned the horizon without seeing either land or a ship.

Shortage of food and drink had brought them all to the verge of collapse, but they kept on baling when necessary. The fourth day dawned, but when they sighted land at last, there

was scarcely the strength for a cheer. A set of oars had miraculously remained aboard, and Sands urged them to row—in an hour or two they would be sitting in front of their home fires.

When at last they ran their boat on the beach, after more than 80 hours at sea, they saw men coming towards them. But when the men spoke, it was in a language they did not understand!

The appearance of soldiers left them no doubt about where they were—they had landed on the coast of France!

They remembered that England was engaged in one of her periodical wars with France, and they no doubt would have attempted to get into their boat again, if they had not been too weak. The soldiers took charge of them, telling them they were prisoners of war.

Suddenly, one of the soldiers went up to Sands and asked him if he were not John Sands, the Cornish fisherman? Sands agreed, suspiciously.

Then he found his hand being wrung. The soldier had been on a ship wrecked on the coast of Cornwall some years before, and Sands had been one of those who rescued him. He promised the prisoners that he would do what he could for them.

HOME FROM THE MARKET. Probably it was through this soldier that the story eventually reached the ears of the Grand Monarch—Louis XIV.

Once persuaded that the remarkable story of these eight, who had set out to row seven miles and had covered some hundreds, was true, Louis ordered that they should be freed and repatriated as soon as opportunity offered.

Back in St. Keverne, of course, it was believed the men and women had been victims of the storm, and they had been mourned by children and relatives.

When, weeks later, the lost men and women suddenly appeared, it was as if they had returned from the dead—there were then no telegraphs to send news of their survival.

Thus ended probably the strangest marketing expedition in history.

Why 'Tweeds'?

"TWEEDS" are commonly, but erroneously, associated with the Scottish river of that name. The origin of the word "tweed," however, has no reference to the River Tweed, but is said to be due to an error on the part of a London clerk who, in the year 1826, when writing out an invoice for these goods, inadvertently wrote the word "tweeds" instead of "tweels," the Scottish for "twills." Orders were placed for more "Scottish tweeds"—a novel description which immediately won the popular favour and became firmly established in the clothing trade as a brand of quality.

Your letters are
welcome! Write to
"Good Morning"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1

Ron Richards

I JOIN THE PERUVIAN NAVY

ABOUT three months later I woke up sharply in the night, thinking I heard something moving in my room. For some time I lay listening, but there was only the piping of the crickets. Thinking I must have dreamed it, I was just dropping off to sleep again when a voice whispered softly, "Senor Burky!"

Slipping my Mauser from beneath the pillow, I pointed it towards the voice.

"Who's that?"

"Coonenhache."

I told Coonenhache he was covered, and ordered him over to the window, where the moonlight made him an easy target. He obeyed at once, and I saw that he was unarmed. In answer to my questions, he told me that he had crept unseen through the village and climbed in by the window.

"To steal?" I suggested.

"Would I then have spoken, Senor Burky? You are a good man. I have come here to work for you. I will stay with you always in Ahislinia."

After a time I believed him.

He was grateful for the break I had given him, and really wanted to work for me.

I told him that it was im-

possible, that my Indians would carve him up some dark night, and advised him to go back to his old plantation of Oriente.

Coonenhache was very reluctant to do this, and only agreed when I promised him a letter to Alcorta, the manager.

It was almost daylight before the business was settled, and my peons were already moving about outside. It was too late for Coonenhache to slip away safely, so I had to hide him all that day until the coast was clear. Alcorta let bygones be bygones, and before long Coonenhache, ex-bad hat, was his most trusted servant—which was much more satisfactory than providing the cabaret turn for an Indian jamboree.

I stayed on as manager until May, 1913. Then, being a few hundred pounds ahead of the game, I decided to have a vacation and go to England. I al-

ready knew something of the London which lies east of Aldgate Pump, Petticoat Lane, Limehouse, and on down to Tilbury. Now I wanted to explore the other London, with its hansom cabs, its swell restaurants, and its Empire Theatre, in Leicester Square, the West End of London, which sailors rarely see.

I went down to Iquitos in the "Liberal." The Peruvian Amazon Company went into liquidation. I had to wait six weeks before my salary was paid. Fortunately, credit is easy to obtain in small Latin cities, and I was able to throw a few jovial parties. I also bought a lot of suits, which would have given the West End something to think about had I ever got there.

It is amazing how money

evaporates in a hot climate like that of Iquitos. I bought myself a dozen silk shirts, socks, and neckties, which I badly needed, a gold half-hunter watch, a ring or two, and a few other odds and ends. There were a few dinners at the Continental, followed by a quiet poker game or a mild flutter on a cock-fight. Cock-fights are sometimes rigged in South America. When at length the Peruvian Amazon Company paid up my arrears of salary I had to hand most of it over to my creditors.

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champagne in buckets of ice, I returned to Joe the Pole's. All these little rum-shops exhibit a notice, "No se admite pur-gones!"—which means, "No bums admitted!" As my remaining chicken-feed dwindled away I found myself disliking that notice, which seemed to grow larger and more ominous every day. So I joined the Peruvian Navy.

They were very glad to welcome me on board the gun-boat "America," which I joined as second engineer. I was told afterwards that I really owed my appointment to the fact that my hair was red, which the authorities thought indicated energy. The little canonera had been waiting long enough for a live engineer to carry out some badly needed repairs.

My first job was re-tubing the "America's" two stirring water-boilers. This involved changing some four hundred tubes, with no one but half-civilised stokehold Indians to assist me. They were an awkward, left-handed bunch, who seemed to think that taking machinery apart was flying in the face of God. With Latin delicacy, my fellow-engineers refrained from lending me a hand, no doubt feeling that I should resent some implied slur on my competence. In consequence I had to do most of the work myself, which made me sweat. The extra pounds of flesh acquired during weeks of high living in Iquitos melted away like a candle on a red-hot shovel. The job, however, was a success.

Then Casabal became captain, and things began to alter. He was an Argentine, and formerly colonel of a cavalry regiment, with very strict ideas on the subject of discipline. He brought with him a retired army sergeant, installed him as bos'n, and set him to drill all hands. Spanish is an expressive language, and that sergeant got the last ounce out of it.

Casabal on shore was just a friendly, fatherly old gentleman. But once he stepped across the gangway he became a stern, cold martinet. He was as game as a fighting cock. Once, when there was some

trouble about arrears of pay, some soldiers came on board inciting the crew to mutiny. The situation was getting very dangerous when Casabal walked out of his cabin, snatched the rifles from the three ringleaders, handed them to me to hold, and arrested the men himself. I never met another man who could have got away with it.

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three days' confinement. I spent the time playing Beat the Chinaman, which is a form of patience, and I suppose Casabal thought I was enjoying myself too much.

Another time he reprimanded me for the way I called the watch. I was walking among the sleepers, saying, "Show a leg, boys! Come on! Turn out! Turn out!" Casabal overheard me.

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EL SEÑOR BURKY

The Exciting Life Story of a Roving Adventurer

PART XII

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ROUND THE WORLD

with our Roving Cameraman



SHEIK DOWN—AFTER SHEIK UP.

Scene: Tunis, town of Sfax. The Nazis passed through. Then the Allies passed through. The local sheiks had a shake-up. Some of them came to Sfax and sat down in the market-place to talk things over. Gone is their glamour, their "noble Arab bearing." And this is the life that girls can expect who dream of getting hitched-up to sheiks. There isn't any room for a decent shake-down.

JANE



CROSSWORD CORNER

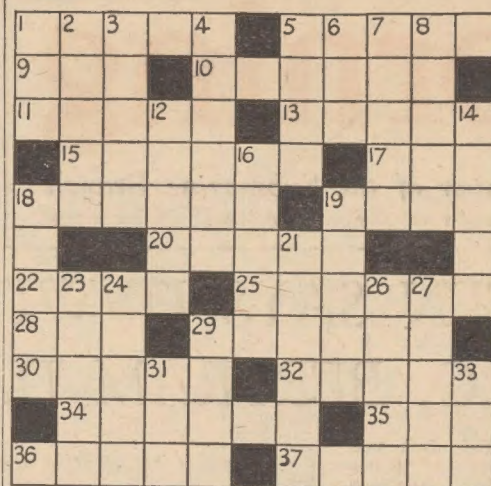
CLUES ACROSS.

1 By surprise.
5 Stalwart.
9 Pic.
10 Sovereign remedy.

11 Pulled.
13 Planet.
15 Countryhouse.
17 Part of play.
18 Dog.
19 Run off.
20 Girl's name.
22 Reckless.
25 Pigeon.
28 Tree.
29 Hunting vessel.
30 Relative.
32 Large deer.
34 Rascal.
35 Note of music.

36 Gem of a girl.
37 Hard and fatty.

ETCH ACCESS
FOLIO LOG I
FRUMP ANGLE
ANT EDIT UP
C TENEMENT
EWES B NOES
ORCHARDS H
DR HARE EMU
IMPEL ELGIN
R AUL DEALT
KELSON DYES



CLUES DOWN.

1 Plus. 2 Boat. 3 Separately. 4 Animal's shelter. 5 Swarming place. 6 Devonshire river. 7 Last. 8 Armistice. 12 Eye. 14 Male animal. 16 Diagram. 18 Hooter. 19 Defect. 21 Cooks. 23 Swarming. 24 Daub. 26 Comb wool. 27 Rye disease. 29 Thoroughly. 31 Wall. 33 Crafty.

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That made seven days in all, but the captain allowed me out after I had suffered

WANGLING WORDS—257

1. Put some meat in Bas, and make a group of islands.
2. Rearrange the letters of TEN TEAPOTS, to make big wigs.
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: HAVE into HOLD, CURL into HAIR, MAID into DAME, EARL into LORD.
4. How many 4-letter and 5-letter words can you make from GRAMOPHONE?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 256

1. DrugGET.
2. BAGDOLIO.
3. JOHN. JOIN, LOIN, LOON, LOOT, FOOT, FORT, FORE, LORE, LONE, LANE, JANE.
4. BUNG, BANG, BAND, BEND, BEAD, BEAR, BEER.
5. BUCK, BECK, BEAK, LEAK, LEEK, LEER, DEER, DOER, DOES.
6. LEG, BEG, BET, BIT, BID, AID, AIL, ALL, ALE, AYE, BYE.
7. Rash, Hope, Shop, Pose, Rope, Pore, Pope, Soap, Sore, Rose, Pass, Harp, Raps, Spar, Hose, Shoe, Hoar, Shag, Soar, etc.
8. Grass, Gross, Shore, Ropes, Spore, Spare, Spear, Grape, Grope, Share, Sharp, Shear, Press, Shops, etc.

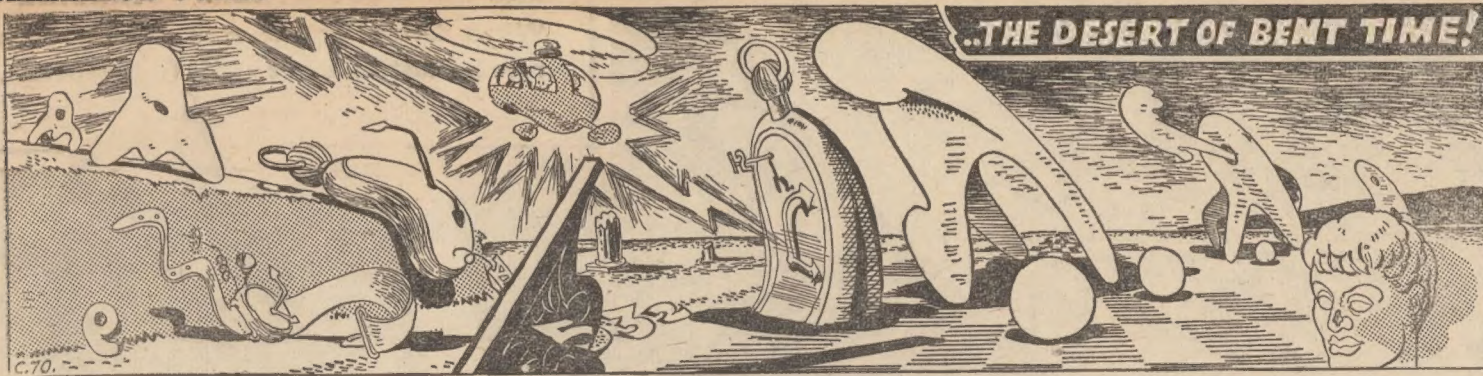
QUIZ for today

1. A drupe is a bird, jewel, flower, fruit, old lady, window blind?
2. Who wrote (a) Manalive, (b) Mantrap?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Christmas Day, Boxing Day, New Year's Day, Good Friday, Lady Day, Guy Fawke's Day, Lord Mayor's Show Day.
4. Who was known as the Bard of Avon?
5. What did Burns call "the great chieftain of the pudding race"?
6. In peace time, when does fox-hunting begin?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt?—Camouflage, Candour, Candemas, Cantelever, Candid, Canticles.
8. Whose motto is "Ich Dien," and what does it mean?
9. For what eatables is Bath famous?
10. For what do the initials F.O.B. and F.O.R. stand?
11. Where is the most northerly railway in the world?
12. Name three painters whose names begin with T.

Answers to Quiz in No. 301

2. (a) Byron, (b) Goethe.
3. Gamboge is yellow; others blue.
4. Thrift.
5. Blackpool; first from the ground level, and again from the top of the 500-foot tower.
6. Sancho Panza.
7. Liana, Libidinous.
8. (a) Leopold, (b) Arturo.
9. Henry VIII.
10. Dame Melba, from Melbourne.
11. Delilah.
12. Matthew, Mark, Moses, Martha, Micah, Miriam, etc.

BEELZEBUB JONES



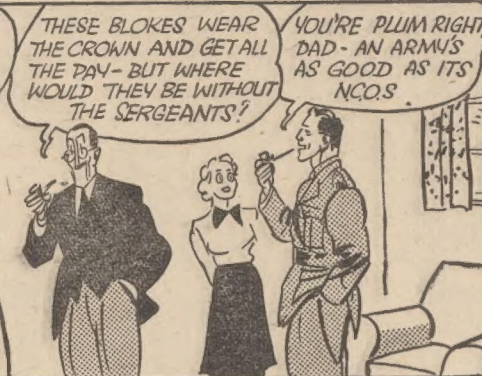
BELINDA



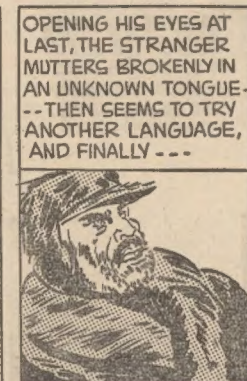
POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE

Clubs and their Players
PORTSMOUTH

By John Allen

"HOW'D Pompey get on?" This is a question that is asked by men of the Royal Navy in all parts of the world every Saturday. True, many of them hail from towns that have their own professional side, but Portsmouth F.C. has come to be known as the Navy's own team.

Yet it was formed by two soldiers. Just over forty years ago, men of the Royal Artillery, stationed in the town, developed a really fine footballing team. It attracted such a big following that a few of Portsmouth's leading personalities decided that it would be of great use for the town to have its own club.

They talked the matter over with Sergeant-Major Windrum and Sergeant Bonney, of the Royal Artillery, and in 1898 it was decided to go ahead and form a company. This was done, and Fratton Park was bought. Mr. Frank Brettell joined up from Tottenham Hotspur as manager, and began to build Portsmouth's original team.

Many of the players were recruited from the Royal Artillery, including the goalkeeper, Matt Reilly, who taught a parrot to call out "Play up, Pompey!"

Portsmouth hold a record few people know anything about. They won the F.A. Cup and have never played in the competition since! How? Well, they won the trophy in the year before the war, since when it has never been up for competition!

Jack Tinn, manager of Pompey, is sure that his famous "Lucky Spats" played a big part in his team's victory over Wolverhampton Wanderers in the Final of 1939.

Whenever a cup-tie came round, Jack Tinn took his spats from a cupboard in the club office and wore them at the match.

After disappointments in the last lap—in 1929 and 1934—Pompey at last won the trophy, much to the joy of their Navy followers.

I shall never forget how Freddie Worrall, Pompey's outside-right, as the team trooped off the field after beating the Wolves, unrolled the top of his stocking and revealed that he carried, among other lucky charms, a white elephant.

You're right, a sailor's superstition had found its way among the footballers!

Perhaps Portsmouth's outstanding player of recent years was Jimmy Allen, their international centre-half. They found him playing for Poole. Actually their scout was sent along to watch a centre-forward opposing Allen, but he was so completely subdued by the youthful pivot that the Portsmouth man decided to sign Allen.

What a bargain he proved to be! Eventually Portsmouth transferred him to Aston Villa—in return for a fee of £10,775!

To-day Portsmouth's team includes several players who are serving with the Royal Navy and Royal Marines. Horace Cumner, the Arsenal and Wales left-winger, now a Royal Marine, is among their greatest stars.

HOW'S TRICKS?

By Sid De Hempsey

UNCANNY CARD DISCOVERY.

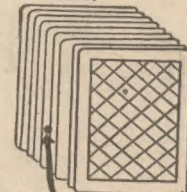
THE conjurer advances towards the audience, shuffling a pack of cards. Yes, actually shuffle this time, requesting several persons to select any card, free choice.

Having looked at their cards, they place them back into the pack. Again shuffled. The conjurer positively does not know the names of the cards, but he at once proceeds to find the chosen cards after they have been shuffled.

Method.—Before commencing this uncanny effect the performer marks his pack of cards with a pencil. (See Fig. 1.) A pencil line is drawn across the edge of the cards, and the cards reversed when presented to the spectators for re-insertion of cards.

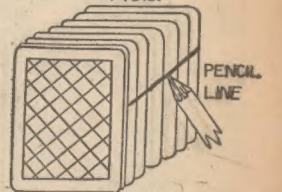
It is really very simple. You simply look at the other end, opposite side. The pencil mark can be seen quite clearly.

FIG.2.



THIS SPOT SHOWS THE SELECTED CARD

FIG.1.



Sid De Hempsey will start a new series of tricks for amateurs next week

Good Morning

This England

A lovely old thatched cottage in the quiet village of Ashwell, Herts.



★ LUMMY! ★
WE'RE INSIDE
THE CAGE
TOO



"CURIOSITY WHICH DIDN'T KILL THE CAT"



ACE OF THE PACK

Five-year-old Sidney Bailey, who feeds and exercises the hounds, and helps clean out the kennels at the Braes of Derwent Hunt, Durham.

SHE LEFT 399 OTHERS 'STANDING'

When Betty Bryant won leading film role in Australia, out of 400 film hopefuls.



"You are now listening to a three-hour-old chick giving its opinion of things in general."

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Baby talk, Huh?"

